

## Iterative Testing

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Summary: With the Delta Quadrant rising, Starfleet Command is moving quickly to tap promising new commanders. Admiral Revka finds herself overseeing a class, mostly older than her, and reflects on her choices - and what her students will choose. Originally for the forums' tenth Unofficial Literary Challenge.

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Author's Note " this one is long in posting, it was for the main forum's Unofficial Literary Challenge's 10th iteration " the 'Teaching the Next Generation' prompt. This is set after 'Fluidic Destruction', but before the Delta Rising expansion in Star Trek Online.

This is mainly on my Federation engineering character, Antonine Revka, my first character and my little semi-timeline's 'hero at Vega Colony'. An'riel handles most cross-faction missions, but Antonine had her star cruiser shot up and effectively lost helping defend the Solanae Sphere when the Undine launched their sneak attack.

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><p>Starfleet Command Course training. Important for anyone who wanted to be a bridge officer, the section for potential captains was expanded far beyond that. Starfleet had opened its doors to one of its largest classes ever at the Academy, and people with even a hint of command potential were being prodded to take both bridge officer qualifications, and captaincy if they could. The recent revelation of the Undine permeating Starfleet hadn't helped. There were a <em>lot<em> of opportunities suddenly open, and one just had to look up to see the damage to the orbital colonies and Spacedock that was still being repaired. Earth had been betrayed, left wide open, and as

the Federation's capital and effective homeworld, that carried shock beyond just the humans.

Tiriana, of the cadet line of the Sixth House of Betazed, was touched her previous commander had recommended her from the Viper. It was a jump from second-watch science officer, and doing well here could get her past the exec step and to a ship of her own fast. It was becoming sadly common in these unsettled times.

The current course was a special two-week intensive study in squadron-level coordination. It wasn't enough to be able to fight a ship — this wasn't patrol skirmishes against the Klingons. This was squadrons and fleets, coordinating a defense plan against the Undine across millions of kilometers. It was for a different battle field than a single ship. And it may even mean the legendary Iconians, from what the rumor mill was grinding out. If you were here, anyway, you'd done well enough in the Academy with the basics; you could certainly fight a single ship if you were still around and considering command.

Administrating one, training up other officers instead of knowing the order of buttons to push? Well, that was why she was here.

This class was short enough they tended to bring in whichever captains and admirals were between assignments, or could be spared for a week or two, and had been a 'who's who' in Starfleet's past. She was excited to see who she would learn from, the great chain of Starfleet captains.

The conference room was not large, the class this time was only four dozen, a rainbow of species across the Federation. The room's lights dimmed and she could feel the minds outside in the Academy dim, as well as her skin tingle as a variety of anti-snooping measures sprang up around them. Involuntarily, she sat up straighter.

The figure that came on wasn't spectacular — though Tirana wasn't sure what she was expecting. Something taller perhaps, and maybe not so — magenta. She wondered what sun had generated that shade, and the slightly pinker hair on top. A green tattoo of some sort marked a cheek, and she moved without the swagger the science officer had been expecting.

The rank on the collar was Admiral however, in the brand new Admiralty dress uniform that had been commissioned, gold piping and all. She reached the podium and the smart mikes in the room picked her up as she began to speak. Tiriana could hear a slight beat as the UT kicked in, even though the speaker was using English. Apparently, they wanted no mistakes or misconceptions on this speech.

"I am Admrial Antonine Revka, and am honored to be asked to officiate this session. This may seem strange, as a perusal of my service record will show I have never taken it or been offered it. That is simple. This class is, in some ways, a lie," she started, letting the class stir briefly, "The Federation has one of the finest education systems ever discovered, improving and utilizing advantages discovered on hundreds of worlds and dozens of species. The Federation can offer anyone master training in a skill if they choose it, and you don't get into Starfleet without showing exceptional aptitude on top of it. But command is an art, not a discipline or a skill. We can't teach it, but we can seek it and develop it and the

supporting skills that hone its effectiveness."

She scanned the room briefly, "Despite the common news stories of the last year, battlefield commissions to captain are not the norm for Starfleet. And we don't intend for them to be," she said. "You are here because someone believed you showed the initiative to take action, the judgement, or luck, of which action to take—and the beginnings of wisdom when not to take it. You are captain of a ship, but you are still part of Starfleet."

The young flag officer, Quinn's protégé by all accounts, took a deep breath, and continued, "Myself, and the rest of the Admiralty, expect you to understand discretion, but understand that other captains are relying on you to undertake your tasks to success, as well as the billions of Federation citizens we both defend and expand the knowledge of our universe, and other universes, to. You are caretakers of honor as well as leaders. This course will determine if you can accept that responsibility. It will consist of a variety of simulator exercises and classroom discussions."

A hologram of class listings appeared behind her as she spoke. "Attendance at this course should be considered an honor, and one can have an admirable Starfleet career even with failure. One can succeed as a captain without success in the course as well, but it is the intent of the Academy to stack the deck in your favor. We cannot anticipate every scenario. I have time traveled six times, and engaged most of the forces currently aiming at disrupting the Federation's ideals and its way of life. I, and the others before me, have contributed all our experience so you are ready for situations that I wish someone had blazed a trail for me. The next hour will consist of your first command-level security briefing. Good luck."

A map sprang up, a mélange of colors. Tirana swallowed. Federation blue sprang on it, but seemed very small and diminished with all the other shades in the galaxy.

\* \* \*

><p>Antonine didn't have much to do for the next few days as far as teaching load, which was unfortunate. <em>Constellation's</em> savaging was still fresh in her mind, and she'd prefer something to do. The letters had been written, the funerals done, but she couldn't walk into most grills yet. The smoke made her nervous. She'd been busy reading up on technical journals as the Sphere's wonders were dissected.

The prospects were busy of course. Most if it was command-level conditioning exercises for the first few days and getting security clearances set up, impressing the responsibility they were being prepared for. They'd already lost three of a course of forty-seven from this, people not sure they could take the secrets' weight. This was, according to the regular instructors, normal.

It'd been a last minute thing, assigning her here, but things were still in chaos repairing the damage Earth Spacedock had taken. Technically, she still had a panel to investigate the loss of her own ship in the madness, but there were many inquest boards to go through. A new Guardian had been picked out that she was starting to arrange the refit and evaluation of when her orders had been temporarily changed. Hurry up and wait didn't stop even at flag rank,

it seemed, but the refit was continuing.

Her main purpose here, though, was to put a face on command, be a representation of everything to aspire to. Even though she'd never gone through the program herself, so it was also a refresher on the things she'd have picked up in a 'normal' Starfleet career, as opposed to a hasty PADD, a salute, and a 'Godspeed' from Quinn.

It was once scenario training began, when she'd be administrating sessions and drowning in a wealth of data for evaluating candidates that her real work here would begin. Unfortunately, she wasn't able to oversee the refit of the Trafalgar in the meantime, and since she was at the Academy, she couldn't bug the Command ops staff what the new mission they were prepping her for was, exactly. Or when she'd get an open inquest off her record.

So she'd have time to think. It was, apparently, traditional for the evaluating flag officer to come up with some scenario in the rotation, often for the final exam. Since she hadn't gone through the training, she hadn't known and the staff had forgotten to tell her when she'd been at McKinley before beaming down.

So she'd flipped through some of the old versions. Impossible situations to reveal stress were a favorite, which made her wonder about some of her fellow flag officers psychological stability. Old missions were another classic, and that may be worth a shot. Time was so chaotic for this year that her version of events no longer matched her service record. It was not like they could hack her record for the solution if she picked the right mission. It might even be educational for the students, a reminder of being out-gunned.

The technological revolution of getting the best Klingon, Federation, and Republic engineers in the same rooms on the Solanae Sphere were causing ships to be out of date almost as soon as they left the yards, and older models were being stuffed full of so much power in refits just so they could keep pace. The resources required were not insignificant, even to the Federation, but the time and training required to maintain such high-technology in the field were the biggest concerns, on ship loaded far beyond their design specs.

Compared to, say, a small Miranda frigate from a year ago, the ships the current candidates were used to operating on, or would be operating on, it was a whole different world. It was easy to lose sight when it seemed weapons were being improved every month.

"Okay, let's see how they do against superior force and have to build out their tactics on the fly. Computer, bring up a comparison between my personal logs and my service record at Starfleet Command " and reserve some space on the tactical simulators for me," she ordered. The computer merrily beeped acknowledgement.

\* \* \*

><p>The passage of years had dimmed the final semester at Starfleet Academy, but even so, Tiriana was sure she'd never worked quite as hard in her life. There was, it turned out, more than a title difference in being watch officer or commanding a watch versus being a <em>captain</em> in the eyes of Starfleet. The Omega Directive was only the tip of the iceberg. General Order 24, the ability to destroy

all life of a planet, remained on the books and within a captain's judgement.

Some of this was holdovers in the centuries-old service of the days when captains, even in the heart of the Federation, were hours or even days away from higher authority. But in the eyes of Starfleet and the Federation Council, the captain of a starship, a true vessel of the deeps, remained to be considered, legally, an embodiment and representative of the Federation and its ideals.

Then there'd been the holodeck training. A variety of situations, sometimes ethical, sometimes tactical, sometimes both. \_Kobayashi Maru\_ hadn't shown up, yet. And through it all, a tiny pink sylph floating at the edges, taking notes, and not letting on, or letting herself be seen talking with instructors.

Whispers ran through the class. Everyone had horror stories from the Academy of tests of bravery or initiative. Everyone was nervous, nerves jangling, waiting for the 'emergency' that would determine whether they would stay. A legitimate fire drill the fourth day had nearly trampled the proctor in an attempt to bring him to safety. The poor Bolian, Tiriana understood, who had just been trying to impart knowledge on crew workload regulations, was expected to make a full recovery, if with some cloned teeth. It had been one of the few times Admiral Revka had intervened, stunning several would-be rescuers with a hand phaser.

Now, to her growing terror, she'd come across the Admiral in the hall, wearing a slightly more utility-cut version of her customized admiralty whites. She stared up, barely blinking as a lieutenant commander writhed under her gaze.

"I know what the tactical base has on their frigates, commander," Admiral Revka was talking, "If you'd been reading my record, you'd see I've seen them in action more than once, and I know the one wasn't showing their full capabilities. They were old-style heavy plasmas, not the new variant. And I'm pretty sure it was a little bigger than what's being loaded for the mission."

"Ma'am, I saw that and the security sealâ€¦ and Operations said to go with the version of your transmitted logs we had on file," the commander said, sweating slightly. Tirana could feel the emotions boiling off both of them â€" the Admiral miffed at an unexpected obstacle, the commander practically baring his throat to show surrender. But it was only emotions, she noted, as loud as they were â€" their thoughts swirled underneath, emotions projecting to guard them. Starfleet telepathy defense training.

The Admiral ran a hand through her hair distractedly. "All right, all rightâ€¦ I think it's a mistake. Everyone saw the fireworks in orbit, they'll know what to expect."

"Admiral, with respect, if half of what I \_was\_ able to see in the version of your logs is true, that's not going to be a problem. They'll see plenty of the unexpected," the lieutenant commander said, a bit relieved as the Admiral was no longer staring at him.

The Admiral smiled briefly, "Starfleet's grand history shows to expect the unexpected â€" that's why even our warships get loaded with the complete Federation Library. Knowledge for its own sake can

save your life, it has mine. Even if it's from a different continuum." The Admiral turned and spotted Tirana, "Commander Tirana, I recommend you don't repeat anything you hear here â€" it'll surely be coming down the rumor vine soon enough but best not to help it start."

Tirana nodded, and Admiral Revka smiled more fully, "Good â€" and as a second free piece of advice â€" if you ever run into Q â€" try to go the other way." She laughed, "It won't work, but you'll live a life without regrets." Slightly confused, Tirana nodded and turned around.

Several years later, reflecting back, she would find it funnier, but that's a story for another time.

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><p>"Beings of all types, this is what you've been waiting for, what you've heard about, and what you've been trying to hack the Academy mainframe to get at," Antonine announced to the assembled class several days later, now down to approximately thirty. She was a little depressed how many had to be cut from brazen attempts to cheat. She'd already forwarded the many, <em>many<em> 'gift' tickets to Risa to the JAG office for investigation for who was handing so many out to Starfleet officers.

Several more had been cut simply because they hadn't been able to handle the pressure. That was sad, but it was best for all that Starfleet knew that now, rather than later. Most she'd recommended to maintain their bridge officer qualifications â€" a fight was simple and they could handle, or they'd never have gotten here if that stress was too much. It was the classroom exercises of First Contact â€" an encounter with the alien, with all riding on their responsibility; that had been too much.

Antonine had wondered if, in another life where she'd spend decades reaching her rank, if she would have made it through this course. Never too loudly, she feared someone named after a letter might show her.

Since the very nervous laughter had eased, she continued. "This mission is the sort of thing you may encounter at the frontier â€" your mission parameters that are given may not be optimum, or even match, for the actual situation. Your knowledge of the enemy or friends could be hazy at best, and the safety of thousands may rest on your judgements. If you want easy â€" then report to the Academy counseling office, you're experiencing a psychotic break. Easy left a long time ago."

She stepped away from the podium, the amplification following her for the moment. "This mission comes from one of my early encounters, but the simulation team have thrown some additional variables, if you've been studying my mission logs since you got your security clearances. Commander Bowers, if you please."

The human stepped forward. "You have been charged with the neutralization of an enemy craft attempting to flee with sensitive information. You are very likely out-gunned, and certainly out-armored. Groups will have Academy staff as your bridge crew, and will be operating through Holodecks in teams 1-5. The schedule has

been sent to your PADDs." Commander Bowers smiled thinly, "Starfleet expects success in all endeavors, but understands and accepts there are different levels. This exam will be weighted, but your degree of success will not alone determine the evaluation that will be forwarded to Operations. Give it a good fight, captains. You've made it this far."

\* \* \*

><p>Group Three. In approximately two hours, she would be determined if she held to her ancestors' noble traditions of steadfastness, or if she would be one of the masses of middling science officers that staffed sections across Starfleet. She winced. She'd need to do better, relatively, than that alliteration if she wanted to win.<p>

Group One was in the holodecks now. They'd been given a half hour, and Tirana expected the difficulty was slightly lower since they'd have less time to prepare. Emotions and stray thoughts circled around her, as potential captains took the hints they were given and studied the Admiral's early (relatively. Her rise had been meteoric, even considering the losses of the last year) exploits of a whole fourteen months ago. There was a fierce undercurrent of expectation. They'd made it this far. They'd be damned if they'd be found wanting for fierceness now.

Tiriana could almost hear martial drums in the background. Commander Bowers had never given a compliment before the final. They'd come out swinging in Starfleet's finest tradition against threats and â€" years of Betazoid training kept her physically controlled, but she nearly convulsed, as she realized how much she was thinking were not her thoughts, but the group consensus.

Tirana tried to center herself â€" getting swept along in the wave of energy would only carry her into the middle of the rankings at best. She needed to find something for herself and find herself â€" empathy and telepathy could be double-edged swords. And so, trying to bring herself to herself and distance herself from the energy around her â€" she considered that web. She'd picked nothing up from Admiral Revka in her brief contact that was really a hint â€" the Admiral was young but she'd had conditioning. Her abilities were not giving her opportunities here.

Starfleet, despite appearances at the Academy sometimes, was not staffed by sadists. If they broke someone (and she remembered the weeping, audible as well as thought, from only two nights ago when that nice Rigellian lad had been unable to take the potential blood on his hands any longer) it was for their good and the good of the countless civilians who could be harmed by the power of a starship. An impossible test was only to force an officer to confront it could happen, not to break someone with frustration. But, Admiral Revka was an admiral, so it wasn't impossible. If anything, she seemed worried the enemy would be too obvious to fight.

Which meant, Tiriana thought, as she struggled for calm, in a period of stillness, it could be fought, but that wasn't the optimal situation. But, as Admiral Revka still showed on her uniform, she'd been operations track, not tactical. It was unlikely she'd arranged some brilliant combination of maneuvers to maximize her firepower against some unknown enemy. Her early career was in cruisers â€" she

could have just relied on her crew's drilling to outlast the enemy, but that didn't seem like a test that could be pulled off in a tactical holodeck.

She considered if it was a test within a test that was not a test, but decided that lay madness. If it was that easy, then great, she'd take her rank bars and see what ship she was commissioned to. But great lineage, as her grandmother had told her, remained great by finding challenges. It was unworthy of her to consider.

Could it be a matched challenge? She knew a few tricks with that gloriously multi-talented and extremely sensitive projector, the deflector/sensor combination across Starfleet vessels. Being in a position of command to time those tricks had some advantages " and she'd seen people putting training on other tracks to work too. It was possible, and she'd need to keep alert to those options.

She decided to bet the dice that it wasn't that. Tactical maneuvers versus engineering hot-rodding versus science tricks would be kinds of success not degrees. Full success would presumably be crippling or destruction of a fleeing ship. That was tricky, but a careful, skilled captain could do a lot with a tractor beam.

Perhaps, then, Revka had been lucky. She had learned a lot on the job, but Tiriana had read her record " she'd collected the bridge crew that had followed her, more or less, early on the job, but their later success had been only glimmers of potential. It was hard, in the openness of space, to stop a ship with only a solo opponent if the enemy simply wanted to flee. Charging in aggressively would just get you caught in the glow of their warp coils as they escaped.

Tirana smiled as she stayed still, centering still and considering. The mission objectives had been clearly stated. The speech following up, however, was a hint in another direction. Clearly, the simulation had begun.

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><p>Admiral Revka stayed in the holo-control room, watching the monitors. Group Three was beginning. The first ten had been interesting, in the last few hours. One had simply sent his holocrew to the escape pods and rammed as soon as the rest of the mission specs had been read. There'd been an elaborate cat and mouse game they'd finally had to call for time " they were already considering that officer for flag training. Anyone whose nerves stood out against a ship where a missed torpedo was death while juggling moves <em>minutes<em> in advanced was ready to handle multiple ships.

A few had begun a straight fight, and failed. They'd fought well, but, the ship had escaped. That'd been expected, Bowers had set the speech carefully to try and hit those common psychological triggers of a bit of aggression common in those selected for command. It'd been part of the plan to mimic a similar experience of a young captain on her first independent command. The depths of the psychological profile and expected reactions for a young(er) Antonine Revka the course leader had shown her was disturbingly thorough.

She was starting to wonder how far back the Academy had seen a potential captain. She \_thought\_ she'd taken those command electives



for a lark and an early bridge post, but she was wondering how much she'd been pushed.

"Admiral," reported the technician, "All crews report ready and biomonitors are functioning. The captains are on the bridges. Should we bring up the starfield?"

Antonine nodded, "Like last time, Ron â€" let's see P'jem and put me on speaker." The tech gave a thumbs up after a few minutes, as on the screens the five bridges came to life with the constant dim beeping of status monitors, and the low thrum of the ultimate status monitor â€" the bass beat of a warp coil in action. On a sixth screen, her script came up.

"Attention captains â€" your final briefing begins. Your ship is located in the Sirius Sector. You are pursuing an Undine frigate," she rolled her eyes briefly. She knew when she'd been there, it'd been a dreadnought. The simulator was giving the small ship almost a dreadnought's power though â€" this was one of the first combat encounters with the Undine, and a brand new enemy was a lot harder for a ship, its crew, and its computer to 'fight' than one Starfleet had encountered, knew the capabilities, and been able to provide basic tac analysis.

"It is refusing hails, and is carrying an Undine psi master who has been masquerading as a Federation official. The planet below you is full of civilians, but effectively defenseless. You are, right now, the only weapon between it and the planet. However, those civilians aided you in unmasking the infiltrator and you have just returned to your ship as the Undine has activated, so don't discount them. If the frigate succeeds in escaping, it will surely continue to work to undermine Starfleet and Federation institutions. You have thirty seconds until simulation start." Ron gave a thumbs down, the mic going off.

Bowers asked, "Think any of them will see your answer?"

Antonine said, "I'm hopeful any of them will. I'm not sure mine was optimum, but these captains have a lot more experience in Starfleet than I did when I made it."

Bowers smiled, "You know, when we show them the 'best' answer, it's going to make them sick â€" if active fleet ops ever gets boring, I'm happy to have you on the Academy staff. You're trapping them in their own confidence. With a little more practice, we can really have you doing some mind games."

Antonine sighed. Sometimes, the Federation bureaucracy generated far more alien behavior than anything she'd seen out on patrol.

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><p>Tiriana thought. Nothing especially new had been said, besides information on the location. The planet was important, obviously â€" especially as a target. If the ship launched an assault on the planet to cover a warpout, they would have to intercept. Briefly, Tiriana wondered where possibly in the Sirius Sector a completely defenseless â€" she stopped at that thought, halfway down a listing of her tiny <em>Miranda's</em> configuration.

Sirius Sector, they'd mentioned briefly, then gone into the ship and capabilities and background. It was there, but deemphasized.

They were in the very heart of the Federation.

That was the real question. Not how to beat it, but how could a young, inexperienced captain from a barely-contacted world with no long space tradition fight and contain a powerful enemy from a species that thought in three-dimensional attack vectors instinctively?

"She wasn't thinking of proving herself or a test," Tiriana murmured aloudâ€| letting her centering slip a little to see if the staff would reveal anything. They were, sadly, too well trained.

Fifteen seconds on the clock. If it was wrong, it could possibly be seen as giving upâ€| but Revka didn't know she'd be an admiral in twelve months. She was a lieutenant, probationary in command on interior patrol. There'd been a mention of an Undine attack, driven off, but that was it, almost casually, as if, once flushed, it had left.

Apparently not. Tiriana wondered if, as this was before the Federation had woken to the danger, the encounter was still highly classified even after the Earth attack. There was no time, though. If she was wrong, she'd be weak. She gathered her ancestors at her back. This was her decisionâ€|.

To remove herself from the decision. It wasn't about going to your limits, this time, it was knowing they exist and that a captain, powerful though they were, are just one ship, and one person. You relied on your bridge officers, you relied on your crewâ€|. And if you were in the most heavily patrolled part of the Federation, you relied on the rest of the Starfleet you were a part of.

The scenario flashed to active and Tiriana spoke rapidly. "Red alert â€" priority power to shields. Communications, leave a channel open if the Undine want to talk â€" but prepare distress call with message: 'Under attack by potentially superior force. Request assistance.' Attach our coordinates."

That got a flare of surprise, and Tiriana allowed herself a smirk of triumph.

Communications reported back, "Sir â€" relief force indicates its gathering and will be here in just a few minutes."  
>"Understood," Captain Tiriana said, "We'll hold till then â€" keep fire on their engines as best we can â€" priority to point defense, though. Keep a sensor trace on them and get their warp signature logged."<p>

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><p>In the end, six people got what Antonine considered 'it'. It wasn't the best (she was still impressed by the cat and mouse game that ran out the clock) but it was a good lesson, especially with the Undine coming. A captain stood as the representative of Starfleet, a singular authority aboard shipâ€| but a captain, even on the frontier, was never an island.<p>

They'd proven they had the initiative, but it was the Command Course's final job, after finding those who could handle the stress, to impress upon them that, even brilliant captains were singular people, and they'd often be operating with other, often brilliant, captains. Starfleet's mission profile allowed for ego, but sense of superiority was not.

And then, with wars ending and beginning, it was the Command Course's job the next day to turn around and do it for another batch of potential captains.

Antonine was happy to leave them to it â€" her orders had finally come, and she'd finally gotten the review board. She'd been cleared. Constellation had fought its best. Now, she was headed to the transporter room at the Academy. She would get the Trafalgar, and be joining the action on the other side of the Jenolan Sphere. It would be the job of her, and many other captains working together, to find allies, friends, and new strength for the Alliance, before the demons of air and darkness descended.

She wished the new captains well. The final had been about degrees after all â€" and any who made it that far would find a command somewhere in a fleet still desperately recovering. Those who did well would get covert independent commands. The othersâ€¦ there were always more Mirandas performing the necessary work behind the frontier.

She glanced up, briefly â€" a hint of mindtouch. Tiriana, commander in rank, but captain in duty, was also waiting to move up. Smiling, Antonine gave a salute that was snappily returned. Tiriana would be getting a Nebula on deep duty assisting the Cardassians against the True Way for now.

"Congratulations Commander," Antonine said, "Remember your diplomacy and always try and think a move aheadâ€¦ and I doubt we'll need to exchange salutes again."

"Thank you Admiral. From what I hear, thoughâ€¦ I'll be a lot closer to Headquarters for dispatches. You may be saluting me when you come back," the Betazoid said, eyes sparkling.

"A good teacher always admires a student who learns well," Antonine said, vaguely feeling like she was quoted. "Though if you're that eager for a desk command there's easier methods than the Command Course." Antonine slapped her combadge.

"Wait, wha-" Tiriana started to ask as Antonine vanished into the transporter beam. Tiriana was good, but she'd have a lot still to learn, Antonine thought as she reconstituted, if she thought that would have gotten her the last word so easily.

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><p>Author's note:<p>

Antonine is my main 'Starfleet' officer, though not quite the one I play so much â€" what she was up to in the Solanae sphere during the Undine attack is a story I'm still working on.

Tiriana was half-picked at random for chars I'd started at some point

â€" she's shown up in a few other stories as a 'newer' captain during the Delta expeditions and the Iconian War â€" D'ellian, my Orion KDF tactical captain (well, Dahar Master, to her face) had a bridge officer in exchange there, for example.

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file.